

Puck

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C.J. Taylor.

WE TOLD YOU SO!



PUCK,

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Wednesday, February 17th, 1892. — No. 780.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A LETTER FROM Mr. James G. Blaine is pretty sure to be interesting, but the spectacle of its reception at the hands of the American people is still more interesting. No letter from any other man would meet with quite the same treatment that a letter from Mr. Blaine invariably meets with. It is a treatment that is peculiar in the extreme; and it strikes us as being more or less significant. The American citizen — no matter of what party, rank or station — grasps eagerly at the letter as soon as it appears; reads it, re-reads it, turns it upside down and reads it that way, tries it sideways, crosswise, and slantindicularly, and then turns it over and holds it up to the light to see if anything has escaped his notice. Then he goes to his neighbor and asks: "What do you make of it?"

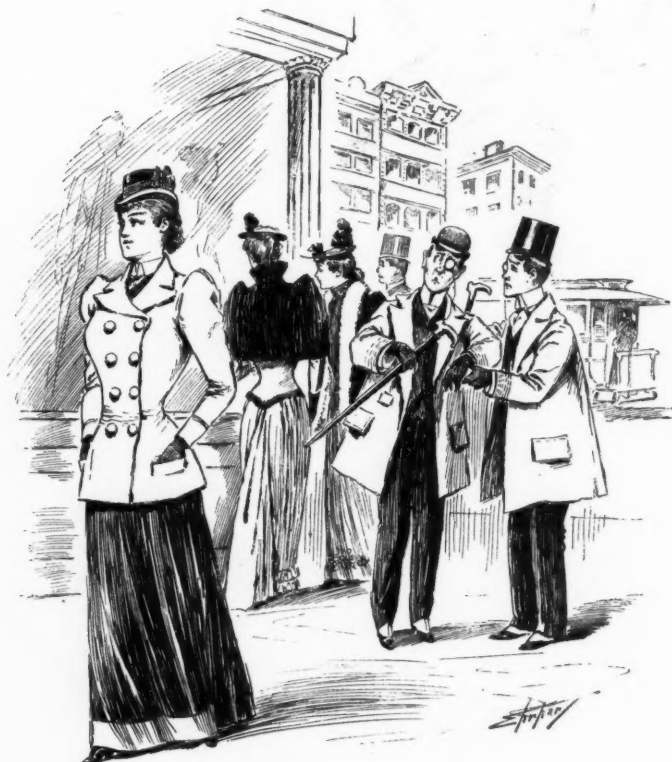
Then they sit down together and proceed to discuss the letter, word by word, and phrase by phrase. One may be a Democrat and one a Republican, but for the moment it makes no difference. They sink their party prejudices in an earnest search for truth. If an intelligent Feejee Islander, a stranger to our politics, were to come upon them putting their heads together over that letter, he would be somewhat puzzled, no doubt. "What is this?" he would say. "Here is a letter from a great statesman, written in simple English words which any child might spell and read. It can not be necessary for you to examine it so closely!" Then they would lift their heads from the letter long enough to bestow upon him one brief pitying glance, and to say calmly but scornfully: "Oh, you don't know Jim Blaine!" And they would resume their task, one asking the other: "Do you think he can get out of it on *that*?" and the other replying: "Dunno, but I think he's left a hole open *here*."

Now this is not, perhaps, just the way in which a letter from a great statesman, written in simple English words, ought to be received; but it is the way a public letter from Mr. James G. Blaine always is received. It is in itself an unconscious and unstudied commentary, and it furnishes an elegant and delicate tribute on the part of the whole American people to the subtlety, agility and variety of Mr. Blaine's intellectual and moral powers. Incidentally it affords a great deal of innocent amusement to the people. When Mr. Blaine gets a pen in his hand, he is as interesting as the back part of a children's magazine, where the rebuses and cryptograms and things are; and the interest he excites is of much the same character. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that when we say Mr. Blaine's latest letter fulfills our prophecy of January sixth, we say it with such reservations as prudence and experience may dictate — that is, we say so if the letter means what it says it means, and is what it says it is. If it means anything else or is anything else — why, we wish to be understood as having made no remarks whatever.

It is quite possible that Mr. Blaine has another letter neatly drawn up, ready for production at the proper time, in the event of certain things happening, which will make it apparent to everybody that *this* letter never meant anything; and never ought to have been taken seriously — that will, as the boys say, make a monkey of this letter. But on the face of it, this letter seems to be a straightforward, clear, plain, positive refusal to be a candidate for the presidency and to refuse the Republican nomination should it be offered to him. If it is, we were right when we said, in the first week of the new year: "The opportunity offered by the present situation must appeal strongly to Mr. Blaine's peculiar ambition. To refuse a nomination with the chance of handing it over to Mr. Harrison would permit him to retire from the field in a style that would make his rivals in his own party gnash their teeth with envious rage. And, as the old darkey remarked, 'Them as had n't teeth would have to gum it.'" And Senator Sherman may be considered as "gumming it" when he says, as he is reported to have said to a newspaper man who asked him if he would seek the nomination: "I shall not try for it again. I have been bought and sold out too often."

That remark, however, is not all gum. There is a tooth or two in it, and we are inclined to think that General Alger and some other eminent statesmen will feel those teeth sinking deeply into their tender booms just about convention time. So, in all probability, our forecast will prove true, and not only does Mr. Blaine let the nomination drop, but Mr. Benjamin Harrison of Indianapolis will be under it when it drops. Of course we must call attention to the fact that the string attached to our original prophesy remains firmly attached at the knotted end, and that we retain a stern but sensitive grip on the tail of that string. Mr. Harrison has shown himself capable of being both small-minded and stubborn, when a real home-like Indianapolis feeling comes over him. And it is quite possible that he may so entrench himself with Wanamakers and Elkinses, that his own best friends may turn on him. But at present it looks as if he had got at the head of the line of succession when the Blaine mantle went second-hand.

Mr. Blaine's declination — it is always understood that we assume there is no string attached to his letter — is undoubtedly a wise move on his part. It would indeed "save him from an exhausting struggle, wherein success would mean to him far less than it would have meant in years past; and where defeat would mean infinitely more." But what future does it leave to Mr. Blaine? It is certainly "better to be alive than to be president." And perhaps that is a more practical and business-like sentiment than "it is better to be right than to be president." And Mr. Blaine may go home to rest on his laurels; and think that he has improved on Henry Clay. But, if his withdrawal from the presidential contest means the ending of his political activity, Mr. Blaine's reflections must be turned upon a career far more brilliant than useful, yet full of possibilities of usefulness neglected, or thrust aside at the bidding of a selfish and somewhat sordid ambition. He is a man who for more than half his life-time has held a marvelous control over the hearts and minds of other men. He has had all the strength that popularity could give to a man. He has awakened in his adherents a devotion bordering upon fanaticism. Yet his name is not intimately associated with one single great measure or movement for the advancement of his country's interests — unless his so-called Reciprocity scheme bear some unexpected fruit. And in that event the greatest of his achievements, the best outcome of all his cleverness and of all his popular strength, must be held to be the ingenious and profitable theft of his greatest rival's thunder.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

HOWELL GIBBON. — I say, ol' fel, who is that stunning girl?

HOFFMAN HOWES. — S-h-h-h, not so loud; she took a prize in boxing.

HOWELL GIBBON (faintly). — Oh, Hoffy, suppose she had heard me!



SHE WAS A Boston maiden,
An Englishman was he;
He 'd a title, she had culture,
They 'd each a pedigree.

He fanned her with devotion,
She drooped her lovely head —
A couple well-worth seeing —
And this is what they said:

HE. — America's so jolly,
And — er — all that, you know,
Quite decent, take it all in all.
SHE (tenderly). — That's so.

HE. — If a fellah were well heeled
He really might endure
To, as it were, preempt a claim.
SHE (very softly). — Sure!

HE. — A fellah really might do worse —
It would be — er — a delight
To marry, say — and *Winter* here!
SHE (shyly). — Out of sight.

HE. — Ain't it, really, now? I say
Let's call it — er — a go —
Ah — do you fahncy me — dear girl?
SHE (slowly — sweetly). — No!

M. M. T.

UNCLE JAKE EXPRESSES HIMSELF.

LOOK OUT fur folkses w'at says dey loves each udder better 'n dey does demselves. Birds of dat kindah feathah carn't live long togethah, an' I know it.

Men is jes' w'at dey been borned fur to be. Dar's no animil 'at kin be eddicated beyant his natur'. You carn't larn a dawg to meow; an', chile, w'en you heah a cat bawlk lak a dawg, you kin go to Washintown by de nex' train, an' pay off de nash'nal debt wid de imitation of a counterfeit nickel.

De natur' of a man w'at carn't tell w'eddah his 'pinion is dus an' so or udderwise is cut bias, jes' lak de flight of a swallow — de only bird 'at don't gin'ly always fly straight.

De man w'at flattahs has got a tongue built fur to lick dust; but de shawp cend of it is lak unto de p'int of de wasp tongue w'ich he carry behine him. An' w'en de flatterah dar's do it, he kin sting, lemme tell you, wuss'n a naddah.

BUT OF ART.

JACK. — Is this overcoat a fit?

TOM. — Yes, indeed! In fact, it is almost a convulsion.

AN ACTOR'S LIFE must be far from monotonous. — He meets with changes of scene every night.

DON'T BOAST TOO much of your "strong points." A knot in the wood is its hardest part, and yet is the first to show a defect.



A DEAD LOSS.

"Is Mr. Newcombe at home, Ma'am?"

"Not just now, sir; but I'm his landlady, and you can leave any message with me, sir!"

"I came here, Ma'am, to *kill* him!"

"Oh, sir! please, sir; *please* don't, *please*! He is behind two months' board!"

THAT'S IT, EXACTLY.

"What made Samson weak?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

"A home-made hair-cut," promptly replied a boy in the front row.

MADE TIME BY IT.

CAPTAIN OF PRECINCT. — How is it you did n't catch the thief?

PATROLMAN. — Well, Cap., jest as I grabbed him he slipped out of his coat, and dove into an old b'iler close by; an' when I looked in, I found he had went out th' other end.

CAPTAIN. — Kind of a cylinder escape-ment foiled the watch that time, hey?

SUMMUM BONUM.

I met Dame Fortune years ago
Upon her ball, not at one —
I craved a prize, a legacy
Or sinecure — a fat one.

"My highest gifts I give," she said;
"Believe me! Do not scorn them."
I took the cap and bells she gave,
And ever since I've worn them.

P. McArthur.

IT SEEMED THAT WAY.

"You are late this morning, Mr. Col-lum," said Sharpe, as his bookkeeper came in about ten o'clock.

"Yes, sir. My wealthy uncle died and left me fifty thousand dollars. Is n't that a good excuse for tardiness?"

"Yes; too good to be true, in fact."

WHEN IN DOUBT what steps to take, consult a dancing-master.

MAVERICKS

Short Stories Rounded Up.

THE MAN WITH THE BLACK CRAPE MASK.

IT WAS on the whitest kind of a white Winter morning that Silas Drummond made his first appearance on the main thoroughfare of Scuttle Hole. He was a tall, angular man, with a military bearing, whose dignity only served to draw attention to his most conspicuous feature. This feature consisted of a jet-black mask, or false face, which fitted him so closely and perfectly that at a short distance it gave him the appearance of a negro. But upon meeting him face to face, it was plain to the observer that he wore a mask of crape. Although he attracted the attention of every one, he did not seem in the least disconcerted by the open-mouthed wonder that he caused.



Children would watch him as he approached, only to fly, as though pursued by an evil spirit, before he was within a hundred feet of them. Women driving along the road would watch him as he passed, and seldom failed to follow him with their eyes until he had completely vanished. Although the black crape mask made Silas Drummond the most talked-of man from one end of Scuttle Hole to the other, it had not the effect of ruffling the serenity of his spirit in the least.

He lived in his own simple way, without a companion, in a little cabin, unpainted, and almost as black as his crape mask, just below the little graveyard on the outskirts of the town.

Many were the speculations of the gossips of Scuttle Hole to account for Mr. Drummond and his weird eccentricity. There was an almost uncanny fascination about it, that grew day by day.

Some thought that the black crape mask could be worn only by a criminal, in short, a fugitive from justice. Others argued more charitably that it might have medicinal properties, such, for instance, as would make it a blessing to any neuralgic sufferer. At any rate, the mystery remained unsolved, no one caring to presume on a nodding acquaintance to ask Mr. Drummond for an explanation of what they considered, after all, was a matter that concerned none so much as himself.

When Mr. Drummond walked through the streets, he held his head in the air, as if he were proud of his black crape mask. It was noticed by all who came in contact with him that the mask fitted every feature as though it had been made from a mould of his face. Upon each side of it there was an aperture that encircled the ear, and served to hold the mask firmly in place, so that there was no chance of its ever falling off, and exposing the features of Mr. Drummond to the public eye.

Many conjectures were made relative to his connections, and many believed firmly that the man with the black crape mask was not of sound mind; and the longer he lingered in Scuttle Hole, the greater the mystery became. He was more than a nine-days' wonder, and interest in him never abated. He was never seen in church, or, in fact, at any other public gathering, and no one had more than the slightest acquaintance with him. But at every store, where two or three were gathered together, he was the unvarying topic of conversation. Folk wondered how long he had been wearing the crape mask, and how long he would continue to wear it, and if he kept it on at night when he went to bed.

Finally, the people of Scuttle Hole began to feel that the presence of Silas Drummond, with his black crape mask, was exerting an uncanny influence over them that it was impossible to shake off; and a deputation of prominent citizens waited upon the Rev. Eliphalet White to ask him to call upon Mr. Drummond, and to get from him, if possible, an explanation of his very strange behavior. The reverend gentleman was not over-pleased at the commission he was called upon to execute; but in response

to a demand which appeared to be so general, he consented, fully believing in his heart that the welfare of the community was at stake.

He started for Mr. Drummond's weather-beaten abode near the lonely graveyard late on the afternoon of a stormy Winter day. It was snowing quite hard, and the wind seemed to be blowing in every direction. As the Reverend Eliphalet White stood before the cedar-dotted graveyard, through which the snow was whirling in mad eddies that seemed to his excited imagination like the ghosts of those worthies buried below whirling in a wild waltz to the weird fantastic music of the wind, he did not feel in the most cheerful frame of mind.

He thrust his chin as far down between the points of his great-coat collar as possible, and, looking toward the ground, hurried on. It was but a few steps to Mr. Drummond's abode, and he was soon at the gate. There was but one light in the house, a candle with a fitful, uneven flame that made an effect anything but pleasant. There was a smouldering log on the hearth that brightened up a bit when a gust of wind came down the chimney. The room was almost dark, but still the clergyman could see, beside the fire, a pair of white hands clasped in the darkness. At first they were as perfectly still as though they had been carved marble, then they began to move, the fingers of one hand drumming upon the knuckles of the other. Then the hands separated, and became invisible.

The clergyman was almost too frightened to knock on the door, until the log blazed up, and he discerned that the hands, in becoming invisible, had been simply thrust into the pockets of the owner, Silas Drummond. The blazing log showed him brooding in silence, as he looked into the embers through the eye-holes in his black crape mask.

"If only to break the awful spell, I will knock," said the trembling clergyman.

When he had done so, Silas Drummond arose suddenly, and, opening the door, bade him enter and be seated. The Reverend Eliphalet White did not feel at all at ease as he accepted the proffered chair. The wind was moaning without, and the windows rattled, and he remembered the flying snow dancing like ghosts in the lonely graveyard, and here he was, sitting opposite the man with the black crape mask.

"I trust, sir," began the clergyman, "that you will pardon me for this intrusion. And I trust that you may appreciate the delicate nature of my errand, which, I can assure you, is a very unpleasant one."

He could see two eyes glisten through the holes in the crape mask during a painful silence of some seconds.

"I have been sent by many worthy members of my congregation to pray that you will give me an explanation of your habit of wearing a crape mask."

The clergyman felt greatly relieved when he had thus delivered himself.

"I am a singularly unfortunate man," replied Mr. Drummond. "I have a mental peculiarity—I call it a mental peculiarity simply for want of a better name—that is possessed by no other man on earth. I have no inner conscience. If I may so put it, I am all outer conscience; and my great misfortune lies in the fact that instead of thinking within, I think without, so that my thoughts, being visible on my face, may be readily read by any one who chances to meet me. For this reason I always wear a mask, and keep away from my fellow-men,



until I know that my thoughts are of such a character as to bear the most critical scrutiny. If I shake hands with any man, I will thereafter think within, while he will think without, as I do now. And he will think without until he shakes hands with another, when the latter will be afflicted as I am now. I don't think you would dare to shake hands with me," said Mr. Drummond.



"What! I would n't dare to shake your hand!" replied the Reverend Eliphalet White, feeling all the virtuous strength of his good life tingling in his finger-tips.

"There!"

He extended his hand, and Mr. Drummond took it.

"Now look in the glass."

The clergyman did so for a moment, and burying his face in his hands, said:

"Give me the mask!"

Mr. Drummond removed the black crape mask for the first time, and handed it to the clergyman.

When he returned that night to his own fireside, many of his parishioners were on hand awaiting his arrival in great suspense, to ascertain the result of his mission. When he entered the room with the black crape mask on his face, there was a great commotion. Although his face was not visible, he acted in the same mysterious way that had characterized Mr. Drummond. He seemed filled with a dreadful boding. His wife almost fainted, as she asked for the explanation of the horrible fascination of the black crape mask.

"Ah, would that I dare take it off," he said.

He then made an explanation of his visit.

"I will shake your hand," said Deacon Briggs, one of the most highly esteemed men in Scuttle Hole.

"I would rather not, Deacon," replied the clergyman. "I think I need the black crape mask for some time to come."

But the Deacon, either out of what he considered a kindness to the clergyman, or to show the confidence he felt in the purity of his thoughts, grasped the hand of the latest owner of the black crape mask, and when he looked in the glass at the end of the room, he held his handkerchief over his features until he could hide his countenance behind the welcome shadow of the black crape mask.

In a short time the mask changed faces so many times that no one could be found who cared to shake hands with its owner, for the fear of having to ask for it.

For the many, many years that the black crape mask remained the wonder of Scuttle Hole, it covered the features of this man. It then became a belief that amounted to a superstition that no man could possess it, without using it as a screen for the thoughts that burned upon his features. But this, at least, proved to be fallacious. The impossible is always coming to pass.

The black crape mask has found at last an owner whose thoughts are of so pure and chaste a character, that they would bear the sharpest scrutiny of the severest moral critic. He lives in a halo of the people's love; he is the idol and the model of all who glory in walking the straight and narrow path; he is at once the joy and the envy of the Rev. Eliphalet White; he is the man whose mind is never sullied by an impure thought. He is, in short, Dominick Funshon, Scuttle Hole's practical plumber.



R. K. Munkittrick.

TOO CLOSE.

MR. LOTOS.—Have you any idea what are the relations between that young Rivers Ide and our Lena.

MRS. LOTOS.—I don't know; the young people seem to be very close-mouthed.

MR. LOTOS.—H'm; so I thought when I discovered them on the parlor sofa, this evening.



A BAD CASE OF COLD IN THE BACK.

A LEGAL OPINION.

"What do you suppose is the cause of the large amount of insanity that exists at the present time?"

"The lawyers for the defence, as a rule."

THE FLORIDA WAY.

JOHN NORTH (*on the cars*).—For Heaven's sake, conductor, can't this train make a little better time? We have stopped twenty minutes out here in the woods for no apparent reason. There is only one house in sight, and—

COLONEL GATOR (*the conductor*).—No reason, suh? W'y, bless yo heah, suh, we are stoppin' in the interests of business. Mizus Wiregrass, who lives in this yeh house, wants to take a full dozen of tuhkey eggs to mahket. She's got eleven now an' is waitin' foh the tuhkey to lay the othuh one. Just as soon as the tuhkey does her duty, we'll steam onward.

THE DEACON TROUBLED.

FRIEND.—I hear your minister is making more or less heretical utterances every Sunday.

DEACON SNOOZER.—What! Do you mean it?

"That's what folks say."

"Merciful Heavens! I'll stay awake next Sunday and listen."

IN OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

MRS. HAMONEX (*the boss*).—Really, Mr. Scrimp, you should n't complain of my rates; I find it hard to pay my debts.

SCRIMP (*grimly*).—If you paid in advance, Madam, as you make others do, you would have no debts.

THERE IS much misery in this world; but the inquisitive juryman who finds in the witness-box a lawyer who has formerly bullied him, believes that there is a kind Fate which evens up all things.

SHE FROWNED at all my choicest jokes;

She smiled when I was sad;

She seemed to like most other folks,

But all I did was bad.

Until, one day, we walking met,

And I said, "I propose —"

"That settles it," she quickly said;

"Why, yes! Of course, that goes!"



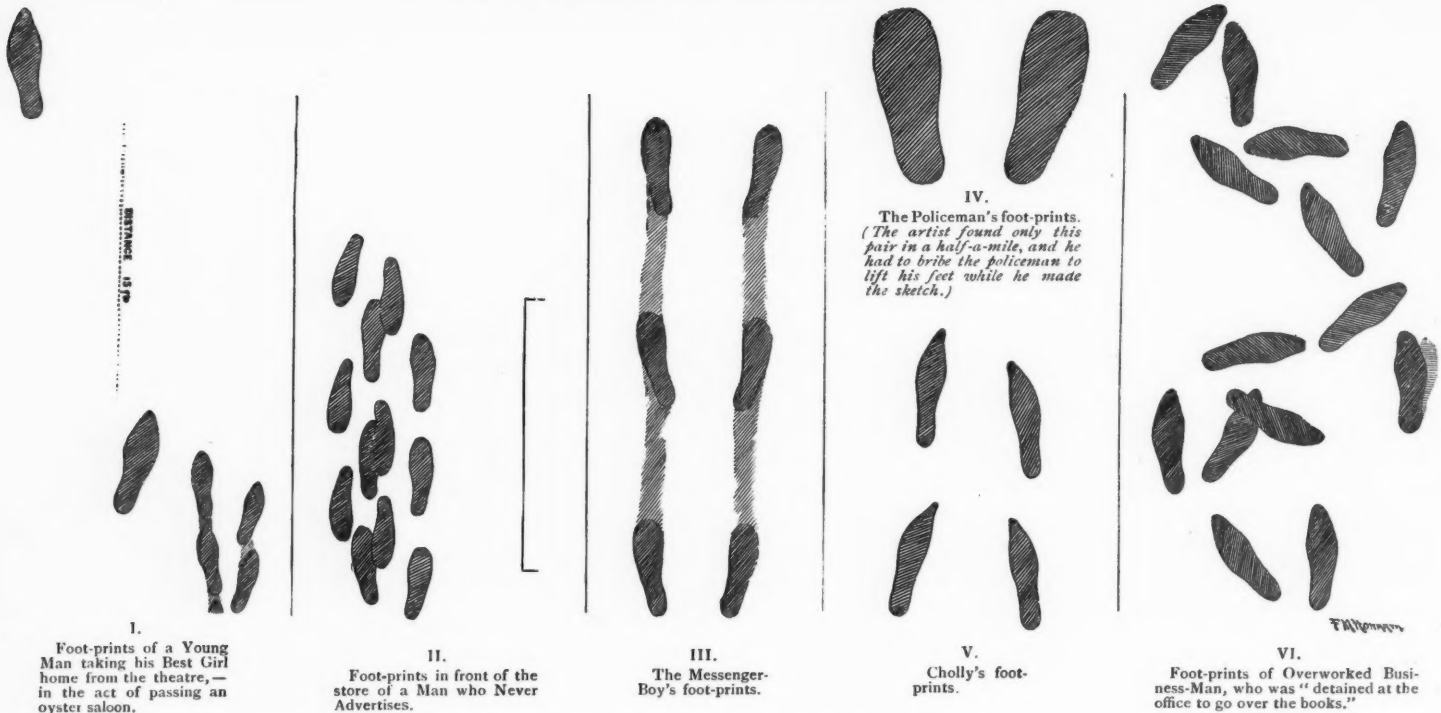
THE TRUE TEST.

YORICK BARNES (*who has dropped in on the "literary friend" whom he has asked to "go over" his new play for him*).—Hello, Ham! What's the matter with the dog?

HAMILTON BACON, Esq.—Oh, he's a little broken up, now; but I guess he'll pull around all right—I have just been trying your new play on him.

COLD SNAP SHOTS.

(During the Recent Snow Storm, PUCK Detailed an Artist to Make Exhaustive Studies in Foot-prints — A Few of the Results of His Investigations are Given Below.)



THE PLOT THAT FAILED.

BY BARNYARD PIPLING.

DICK WAS TO have been born at Simla; but his parents, who expected to go as missionaries to that place, changed their minds at the last minute, and so Dick first saw the light, or, I should say, the darkness, for he was born at midnight, in Boston, U. S. of A.

This will make it very difficult for me to construct a plot, for the heroine lives at Simla and is not likely to leave the place, as her husband is stationed there, while Dick is a bagman in Boston, U. S. of A. It will necessitate my changing the locale of the tale from beloved India, with its 'rickshaws, its Danny Deevers, its punkahs, its comic soldiers, its loose women and tight men, to hated and commonplace America, with its cursed avarice; its vulgarity, not a bit British; its confoundedly comfortable railway coaches; its deluge of advertisements, covering the face of what little Nature is left in a place where all is artificial; its deucedly pretty women and its odious men; its god, the Mammon of Unrighteousness; and, to crown all, its Chicago!

If Dick had lived in Simla, I would have made him fall in love with witty Mrs. Mavys, the wife of Colonel Mavys, D.A.M., C.A.D., of the 19th Irish Whiskey Hussars; but, of course, living in Boston, U. S. of A., how could he? What racy conversations, ranging from blasphemy to riskiness, and only pardonable on account of their undeniable brilliancy, I could have put in the mouths of Dick and Mrs. Mavys, if only Dick's parents had become missionaries instead of joining the Salvation Army! But such conversations would be out of place in Boston, U. S. of A. How my paragraphs would have teemed with Indian gibberish not understood of the people! And then I would have

had Colonel Mavys, D.A.M., C.A.D., look in at the Indian name for parlour window and discover Dick kissing Mrs. Mavys; and for a comedy effect I would have had him say in a rich Indo-Irish brogue:

"Nana sahib hindustanee and I'll kape mum. Mrs. Mavys, you're doin' dam well. Himalaya! he makes noomber thirty-noine, as sure as pipe-clay is white. 'Nixt,' as the Barber of Bagdad said."

But with Dick in America, U. S. of A., however can I tell my story? What do I know of Boston, U. S. of A.? I'm not sure that I ever was there, and if I had been, I always have the jaundice when I'm in America, the land of the gold grabbers, and what I might say would be disagreeable, even if it were interesting. I'm a bit of a gold grabber myself; — but that is another story.

I can't even pad by working in a spirited account of the war in the Soudan, for although Dick is a bagman, he travels only for an American haberdasher and would n't be likely to solicit orders in Africa.

So, just because Dick's parents changed their minds, Mrs. Mavys will number one the less admirer, and I'm left at this stage of the game without a plot; but at a £ a word I will make quite a snug little sum out of this tale as it stands, and as Private Ortheris says — but, etc.

Chas. Battell Loomis.

* Indian for "No one knows but me, you understand."

SOME MEN want the earth; and, like the sky, are blue because they are so far away from it.

HYMEN'S TORCH is always lit with a match.

THERE IS no protection on earth against a lie. Force may be repelled by force, but against deceit, an elephant's strength counts no more than a fly's.



A MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCE.

"Was n't it awful? She married a poor dry-goods clerk!"

"Yes; but just think how handy he will be to send downtown to match goods!"

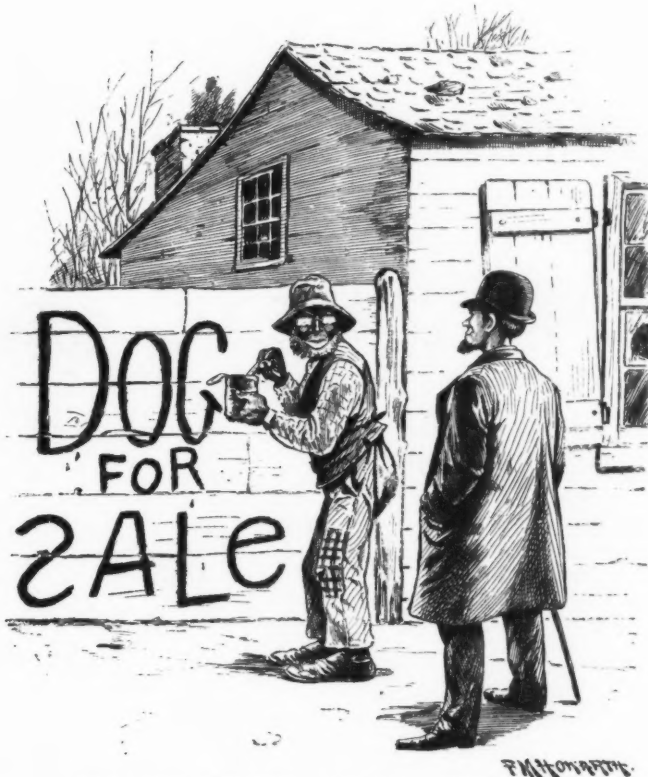


WAY UP.

OLD WES. TURNER.—Jumpin' Jackson! This beats Keokuk. Le' 's go round th' other street. I want to see the woman 'at 's tall enough to take in that wash!

COMFORT FOR THE NEEDY.

Paper, 't is said, will keep us warm;
This fact, poor friend, pray note —
And in your vest the ticket wear
For your pawned overcoat.



FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE IGNORANT.

STRANGER.—Why do you make the letters so large, Uncle?

MR. LIPPER.—Well, boss, de res'dents 'roun' here air pow'ful ignerint, an' I fought I 'd make de letters so big dat de smallest chile could read um.

GETTING EVEN.

BULL.—I hear that Lambkin made a good thing out of his Wall Street deal.

BEHR.—Why, I thought he lost all his money.

BULL.—He did. But he married the daughter of the man who got it.

A GRAND PLAN.

"How do you make your paper go, anyhow? I never see it anywhere."

"We print pictures of prominent men, and they buy it."

"To distribute?"

"Oh, no; to destroy!"

JOHNNY FLY.

DRUGGIST (to newly hired boy).

—Here, Johnny, you do not appear to be busy. Just take these sponges out of the basket and soak them.

JOHNNY.—Not much. I engaged to learn the business, not to work the pawnbrokers.



"IN SUSPENSE —
but still Keeping His
End Up."



FROM DESPAIR TO REJOICING.

EDITOR.—Your manuscript was so badly spelled that we found it almost impossible to make out the sense of it, and—

LITERARY ASPIRANT.—I—I'm very sorry, sir; I—

EDITOR.—and so we have decided to use it as a French Canadian dialect story. Check will be sent on publication.

WHAT THEY THINK OF HIM.

MR. 399.—Get any valentines this year, Mr. McAllister?

MCALLISTER.—Yes; four hundred of them.

MR. 399.—Some valuable ones, I presume.

MCALLISTER.—No. All one-cent ones.

SHE DID N'T NEED IT.

PROPRIETOR.—Look here! What did you mean by telling that young lady that we had n't any rouge?

CLERK.—I had n't the heart to sell it to her.

"Eh? What?"

"She blushed like a rose when she asked for it!"

THE WORLD MILITANT.

Up in high stations we think ourselves —

A Captain, a Major, a Colonel;

But to General Public we must bow,

Or there 'll be a row infernal!



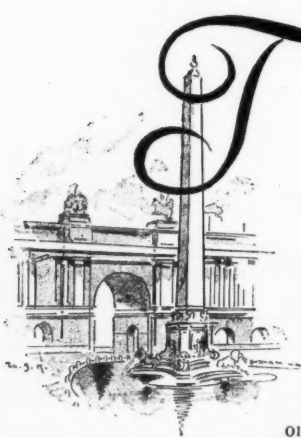
J. Peppeler

THE GREATEST EFFORT OF HIS LIFE.

PUCK.



SOME WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.



TO THE Editor of PUCK:

While so many garbled reports are being sent out about the Columbian Exposition, it seems proper that I, as one of the Committee on Publicity, should make you acquainted with a few facts, so that you may judge of the actual progress being made, and the chances of success of this great undertaking.

We do not deny that the outlook has been gloomy; but, with our customary Chicago enterprise and nerve, we have shoved aside the clouds, and now have pretty plain sailing. (I will say right here that, desiring to catch the mail, this letter has not been revised by the Committee on Metaphors.) As you know, our citizens subscribed liberally, almost with *abandon* (I have been abroad with the Committee), and we are now engaged in persuading them to pony up. A special corps of constables has been sworn in to serve warrants on the delinquents, and we think we can collect at least forty-five per cent., which is a pretty fair percentage for a Chicago man. But we have the entire five millions on paper, and Congress need not know that it is n't in coin.

The Committee on Raising Salaries meets every two weeks, and is kept pretty busy. There will be a special building selected in which to exhibit the salary list, and it is expected to excite considerable comment. On alternate weeks the Committee on Comfort meets, and draws checks for necessities. There was considerable complaint last Summer about the brandy and Apollinaris, and the cigars were something execrable; but new contracts were made, and now everything is going smoothly. A new brand of champagne was introduced in November, which is working nicely.

The Committee on Additional Room holds semi-weekly sessions. This is rendered necessary, as the Clerical Committee appoints an average of two fresh clerks a day, and some place must be found for them to smoke in. Where there are too many in one room, the smoke becomes so thick that novel-reading becomes very difficult.

Great progress has been made by the Committee to Jolly-up Congressmen. They have been furnished with a full stock of oleographs of the Fair, drawn by a cousin of Mr. Mulhattan, and a near relation of Eli Perkins, and the Joke Committee has furnished a lot of anecdotes which, it is believed, can be used with safety during poker games. Many of them are original, and have a distinct Lake Michigan flavor. Most of the committee are men who can lose money at cards, and they are instructed to do so.



NO TIME TO LOSE.

NEIGHBOR.—I wuz s'prised to hear lately, Brudder Wampus, dat you 's drinkin' hard.

MR. WAMPUS.—Yassir. Dey 's a man out West says de worl' am gwine to come to an end 'bout two weeks, an' I 's bound I won't let dis yere bar'l o' cider go to waste!



OUR DOMESTICS.

WAYFARER.—Please, sir, can't you give me a meal? I'm near starving.

MR. HOWSON LOTT.—I would, gladly, my man, if I could; but I can't. I'll give you a letter of introduction, however, to my cook. She may be willing to help you.

The Dining Committee is almost worked to death. It is absolutely necessary that the men who are running this great enterprise should keep up their health and spirits. The strain is something awful, and four meals a day are none too many.

The Ladies' Committee is doing grand work. Most of the ladies bring their fancy work to the meeting, and have a real nice time. Some of their debates on crewel work and painting on China and silk are very exciting. Each member has a rocking-chair, a hassock, and an arm-rest for a cup of tea and coffee; and two experienced male clerks are employed to sharpen the lead pencils, so that no real cause for complaint exists. Still, I understand that some of the ladies claim that the side lights in the committee-room are so arranged that their complexions do not show to the best advantage. This, we trust, will be arranged satisfactorily when we get that appropriation from Congress. Chicago can not be expected to carry this burden alone.

Another very busy set of men is the Committee on Appointing New Committees. It seems astonishing how many new committees are needed in a great undertaking like this. The last one formed was the Committee on Inventing Excuses. The need of such a committee, especially in Washington, is apparent.

This, in brief, is what we have done so far, and you will admit that we have had to contend against great odds, not the least of which is the opposition of rival cities, which can not bear to see Chicago elevate herself at the expense of the nation. But we are getting there all the time, and if we can only persuade Congress to give us a few millions, we will spend every cent of it in our dearly beloved city, and leave it on record for the benefit of future generations that Chicago carried through the whole undertaking without any help from any one.

Sidney.

WHY SLAY'ST thou not, thou glittering, stern,
Nude mistress of Endymion?
Art dazed, which ever way dost turn,
To find a staring Actæon?

Wm. Bard McVickar.

THE PUBLIC NOT CONSIDERED.

YOUNG LADY (*frankly*).—I know you are very famous, Mr. Greatname; but although I have read a number of your articles I did not like them one bit.

MR. GREATNAME (*literary lion*).—Of course, you did n't like them, my dear young lady. How could you? They were not written to please the public.

YOUNG LADY.—Not written to please the public?

MR. GREATNAME.—No, indeed. They were written to please the magazine editors.



PUCK.

COULD N'T BE DONE.

REPUBLICAN EDITOR.—I have just finished an important article on the wonderful increase of prosperity since the McKinley Bill, and I want you to get it in to-night.

FOREMAN.—Very sorry, sir; but I can't.

"Why not?"

"The printers have struck against a reduction of wages."

A TROUBLESOME CHILD.

A small Republic silly
Disturbed our peace awhile;
Oh, shall we call it Chili,
Or shall we call it "Chile?"

HOME INDUSTRIES.

ROGER Q. SMITH.—What good is this big tariff tax on ivory thimble-cases going to do?

MCKINLEY JONES.—Good? Just you wait. I've got a truck farm in the suburbs that will blossom like the rose with thimble-case factories, just as quick as I can import the ivory and the Turks to make 'em.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG WAR CORRESPONDENT.

My son, when you are writing up
Some beastly foreign fuss,
Don't fail to say imbroglio
Whenever you mean *muss*.

VISIBLE EVIDENCE.

FIRST FOREIGNER (*in New York*).—I wonder what building that is?

SECOND FOREIGNER.—That must be the City Hall. Don't you see the Irish flag floating over it?

BOUND TO BE IN IT.

POLICE COMMISSIONER.—What assurance could you give that you would always be on hand when a fight was going on?

O'TOOLE.—Oi have allus been very fond of 'em, yer honor.

CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE.

"I consider the pen mightier than the sword," said McFeeder, as he transferred the last two pieces of pie to his plate.

"I don't doubt it," said his meek little wife. "Your habits at the table make it seem very probable."

CRIMSON.

TOM.—I should n't wonder if Jack had blue blood in his veins.

DICK.—He'd knock you down if you dared to hint at such a thing.

TOM.—Democratic?

DICK.—No; Harvard, '90.

EVIDENTLY UNRELIABLE.

MR. MCSLUGGER (*hotly*).—Phwat for d' yez make thim lyin' cartoons av th' campaign in Oirland?

CARTOONIST.—These, my friend, are not cartoons but photographs. I took them myself.

MR. MCSLUGGER (*meditatively*).—Oi 'll bet th' camera wor made in England.



PLEASURES OF OCEAN TRAVEL—
"A Poker Party."

IT TAKES MUCH courage to stand ridicule. March comes in like a lion, but he turns tail at the approach of the Day of Fools.

THE LATE RAINY January seems to show that friend Aquarius has got tired of carrying water.

"WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH A CHAFING-DISH."



WIFE.—What have you there, James?
HUSBAND.—It's a chafing-dish and a book telling you "What You Can Do with a Chafing-dish." Now, then, I'll show you how they make lobster à la Newburgh at Delmonico's.



WIFE.—James, dear; I'm afraid you are cooking that lobster too long. Does it take as long as that at Delmonico's? It's burning, is n't it? It smells so queer!
HUSBAND.—Now, don't worry; it's coming on finely. I have followed the recipe carefully. Are the plates good and hot?



HUSBAND (*three A. M.*).—Doctor, I wish you would come right around to the house. We all got our feet wet yesterday, and the entire family has been taken with horrible cramps.



(What he did with his chafing-dish.)

A REAL GHOST.

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Out West. (PUCK'S LIBRARY, No. 18.)
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A BRAVE EFFORT.

AUNTY.—Why did you laugh when you told
me your dear little dog was dead?

LITTLE DICK (*chokingly*).—So 's to keep
from cryin'.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

SOMETIMES all that our good resolutions need is a little
mucilage.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

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Pittsfield Special of the New York Central has Buffet
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husband is suffering from temporary aberration,
due to over-work. The form of his mania is quite
common.

WIFE.—Yes; he insists that he is a mil-
lionaire.

EMINENT SPECIALIST.—And wants to pay me
five hundred dollars for my advice. We'll have
to humor him, you know.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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AT FIRST a child wants the moon. A little later on he
wants the earth.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

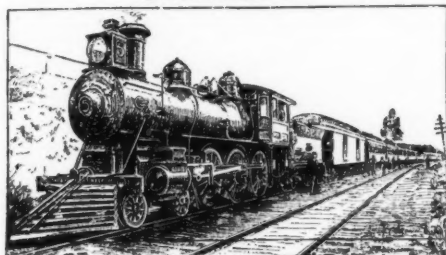
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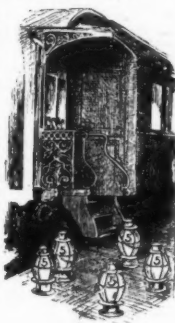


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BROWN.—I hear that Anthony Comstock is coming on to investigate a rumor just started in Boston.

JONES.—Statuary or paintings this time?

BROWN.—Neither; but he heard that the needy poor were to be clothed with the results of the work of the Girls' Sewing Circles.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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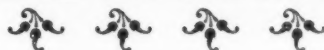
REPORTER.—The *Daily Catchall* wishes to print your picture in to-morrow's issue. Will you let us have a photograph?

IMPORTED STAR.—Certainly. Marie, where's that portrait I had taken on my wedding-day?

MARIE.—I'll get it in a moment, Madam. It's in your granddaughter's album.—*New York Weekly.*

OUR worst misfortunes are those which hover on the outer edge of our apprehensions.—*Ex.*

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OWNER.—No, not entirely—his hind legs are loose.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

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The old saying that "consumption can be cured if taken in time" was poor comfort. It seemed to invite a trial, but to anticipate failure. The other one, not so old, "consumption can be cured," is considered by many false.

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"What can I do to induce you to go to bed now?" asked a Harlem mama of her five-year-old boy.

"You can let me sit up a little longer," was the youngster's reply.—*Texas Siftings*.

CLOTHIER.—Why did you charge that man six dollars for a five-dollar pair of pants?

NEW CLERK.—He wanted a six-dollar pair, and the highest-priced pants in the store are five-dollar ones, so I gave him a pair of those.

CLOTHIER.—You may consider your salary increased from ten to twelve dollars.—*Harper's Bazar*.

IN A DRUG STORE.

FAIR CUSTOMER.—I sent my maid here for some sticking-plaster, and you gave her a porous plaster.

NEW BOY.—Yes'm. That's the stickiest plaster I know of.—*Street & Smith's Good News*.



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TIME TO RUN.

PRETTY GIRL TEACHER.—What! Do you intend to withdraw from the Sunday-school?

WAH LEE.—Yessee. Me fliaidee stay here.

PRETTY GIRL TEACHER.—Afraid? What are you afraid of?

WAH LEE.—Thisee leap-year.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

THE HEIGHT OF PRESUMPTION.

STRANGER.—Where's Arlington Street?

POLICEMAN.—Faith, I dunno.

STRANGER (surprised).—You don't know?

POLICEMAN.—That's pfwat I said,—move on.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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388*

PUCK.



ALGERNON (*calling. Wild with rage.*) —
Gosh-blame this cursed espionage —



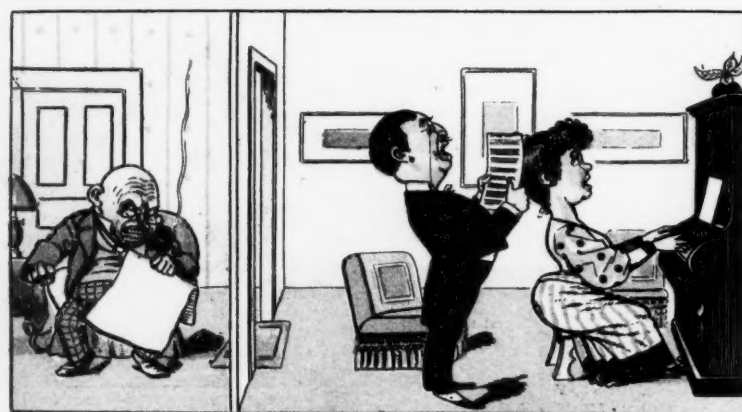
(*Rising.*) I've struck on just the thing!
(*Aloud.*) Miss Mary, *won't* you sing?



(*Aside to MARY.*) Are you on?
MARY (*aside*). — Yumps, Algernon.



(*Aloud.*) Sing, too; I guess you know 'm.
BOTH. — "Maggie Murphy's Ho-o-ome!"



ALGERNON. — Splendid! Now with me.
BOTH. — "Down * * * McGinty * * * bottom * * * sea!!"



MARY (*aside*). — Now, let her go!
BOTH. — "She's my Annie, I'm her Joe!!!"



ALGERNON. — Whoop! That hit him bad.
BOTH. — "COMRADES!!! COMRADES!!!"
(*Exit DAD.*)



ALGERNON. — Mary!
MARY. — Ally!
(*Embrace. Quick Curtain. Short Finale.*)

LOVE WILL FIND THE WAY.

